The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

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PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION
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FOR THE MINISTRY

OUR MASTER

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God! awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps
For him no depths can drown.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is his own best evidence:
His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years,—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
The lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight;
And, naked to thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of thy pure countenance.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to thee,
And thou rejectest none.

Deep strike thy roots, O Heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most Divine,
The flower of man and God!

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one,
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun.

So to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray,
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from thee is hell—
To walk with thee is heaven.

Our Friend, our Brother and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

MOSES' DISCOURAGEMENT

And Moses said unto the Lord, Wherefore hast thou afflicted thy servant, that thou layest the burden of all this people upon me? . . . I am not able to bear all this people alone. —*Numbers* xi, *11, 14.*

The Israelites, through centuries of living on the outskirts of the rich civilization of Egypt, had become a wretched, pariah caste. Moses became their deliverer, collected them together, got them out of Egypt, led them through long wanderings to a new land. Among the most touching passages of the story are those which tell how this strong leader, Moses, was at times utterly broken down. It is one of these times which gives us our subject today. Moses had got the people away from Egypt; they had taken the first steps towards freedom; but now they were whining at every little difficulty and hardship, and wanting to go back to the flesh-pots of their bondage. That was what discouraged Moses. He did not mind his own hardships, but it seemed as if the people were not worth bearing hardships for. It was something to make a leader lose heart. What could be made of such material? Why should he go on, wearing out his soul for them?

It suggests some thoughts about the discouragement which is apt to come in all life. We do not have the same sort of tasks that he had. But even the common tasks and cares of ours are very seldom all for ourselves; the same feeling of difficulty is apt to come in, and sometimes the same discouragement.

Perhaps you would say it is especially hard that those who are laboring for others should have to meet with disappointment; but in reality they are just as likely to fail in what they try to do. Then they too get discouraged.

Why should men try to do good? Why should they feel any responsibility for helping one another? Why should Moses have troubled himself about those Israelites? Why should not Paul have gone on with his tent-making, and died in his bed at a good old age, an honored citizen of Jerusalem or Tarsus who had got rich by minding his own business? Why should anybody do anything for anybody else, or worry about anything beyond his own life?

The man who comes to any full and true appreciation of what it is to be true to himself, finds that his own life is so inwoven with the lives of others that it involves duty to others, love for others, effort for others. All real growth involves these. All society, all noble institutions, all religion, involve our working together, the strong helping the weak. And here is something helpful in seeing how those great souls who have done the master-work of the world have been just where we are: have grown weary, have felt as if they could not go on with it, but, all the same, have kept right on.

Take the care of parents for children—the care and trouble that will have to be before they get grown up: their sicknesses; all there needs doing for them to keep the little mouths fed and the little feet shod, and the little minds trained into some useful ways of knowledge, and to remedy the curious twists of evil. And so come the higher anxieties that grow deeper with years.

In the wider associations of the world, life is still inwoven with life; we are brought close together; men are constantly getting tired of helping those about them, because it turns out to be so much slower work than they fancied. It is with them as it was with Moses—they take hold again. And though, like Moses, they cannot see the result of what they do, and die looking on a promised land they cannot enter, yet it is lives of this sort that make up the savor of righteousness from generation to generation, and do more than is ever known—except to God.

The experience of discouragement comes to us in different ways but it comes now and then to all of us. We cannot do what we want; we cannot do even the best things that we want to do. But now let us see the encouragement to go right on, as he did.

"I am not able to bear all this people alone"—so Moses said. We do not have to bear them alone! There are always more than we think, who are longing and praying and trying in the very sort of work that we are finding so hard. And this is not all. There is a greater refuge yet. I mean the refuge in God—the falling back upon the strong foundations of the moral universe, feeling that somehow we are working for Him and with Him. Here is the true and most blessed refuge—to fall back in our weakness upon that silent force of mercy which upholds all lives, and so to keep on doing!

That is the secret of hope for the world, and for ourselves. The way of all really upward life is a life of frank and generous loving kindness, doing all the good we can in the church, the town, the nation, doing every helping, cheering thing we may to every man, woman and child about our path, trying to leave our corner of the world a fresher, kindlier, happier spot for our having been in it.—*Brooke Herford.*

A farmer came into town to make some purchases at the hardware store. "Can't I sell you a bicycle to ride around your farm on?" asked the clerk. "I can sell you a first-class one for $40." "No, I guess not," replied the farmer. "I'd rather put my $40 in a cow." "Well, that's all right," said the clerk, "but imagine how foolish you would look riding around town on a cow." "I s'pose so," said the farmer, slowly, "but how would I look milkin' a bicycle?"—*Satire.*

ABOUT BOYS

I AM writing this for the men who love to play with children and with whom children love to play; whose souls have never withered up, and never will; who can understand a boy because their hearts are still young, though their legs may be reluctant to jump a three-rail fence.

My friends, then, who understand—you will recall that fringe of kids which is always around the entrance to a circus, hands in their pockets feeling for the dime or quarter that isn't there, wistful faces shining through the dirt? That shine comes from the same old thrill we used to have when we were boys and wished very much for something we didn't have the money to buy. I once talked with such a group at the entrance to Madison Square Garden,—barefooted, ragged, dirty, and happy.

Mingling with the bunch, I asked, "What are you kids doing here?"

"We's just wishin'."

"What are you wishing?"

Quickly came the reply from a blue-eyed, curly-haired youngster: "Say, mister, we's wishin' some rich guy would come along and buy us all tickets into de circus, see?" Another volunteered, "I'se wishin' I was a horseback-rider like that guy on de poster;" and another, "I'se wishin' I lived in de country an' the circus come and pitched de tent near where I was livin'."

That day I dropped from my vocabulary and point of view the unsavory terms "hoodlum" and "vagabond" as applied to boys of the street, and ever since that time I've looked upon them as just a "wishing-squad." I've come to know hundreds of them, and have never had reason to change my new point of view. I have grown to feel with them, and to care. So there has come about a better understanding of these "misfit" boys who make up the wishing-squads of our city streets.

Maybe I was born with lots of faith in misfit boys. Yes, I have faith—lots of it—in "bad" boys; the same kind of faith I have in seed-corn, potatoes, wheat, rye, and in the soil. The potential is in the seed and in the soil and in every boy, but the Eternal Wisdom seems to require some one with common sense and common humanity to raise crops or to make worthy men out of misfit boys.

You will recall that in some parts of the Far West large areas of seemingly desert lands were formerly given up to sage-brush, cactus, and rattlesnakes. Then some men with a vision and with an understanding came along; they tapped the life-giving lakes among the mountains and they brought the water to the "wishing" soil. Homes were built and children played where formerly lurked the rattlesnakes. The sage-brush and the cactus gave way to green grass, fruit, and flowers.

The soil of the desert was not really "totally depraved"—only judged so from its fruits. When neglect gave way to understanding and the proper means were used to bring out the dormant energy of the soil, abundant harvests were the result.

All normal boys, whether we call them good boys or bad boys, are bundles of energy seeking expression—our "wishing-squad." If the wishes of these boys are wisely directed and satisfied by intelligent parents and teachers, we will get the expression of this energy through their spiritual and moral growth which we want for the making of men. But if neglected or misdirected this energy will find for itself ways of expression in anti-social acts which lead to the making of crooks—a harvest of enemies of society instead of noble men and good citizens.

For whatever reason, life is not arranged with much thought to the natural needs of boys or with much sign of insight into the boy heart. Education, restraint, rebuke, all are arranged with too little imagination for boy impulses that not only cannot be eradicated but that should not be eradicated. They do not sufficiently recognize the boy as a *person*. We read of boy-hardships in biography with immense sympathy and resentment, and too often forget that the next youngster we meet is living the first chapter of a biography.

I want to see the world made safe for boys. I want to see boys taken into the game, and not shoved aside as common enemies whose rights, wishes, needs, and potentialities are to be considered only in biographical retrospect. If the boyhood of Lincoln was important, not only to Lincoln but to the world, so every boy's boyhood is important; for though he may never be a Lincoln, he is, and will be, a factor one way or another in the welfare of the group in which he grows up. To thwart, badger, or belittle him is to lose sight, not only of something that belongs to him, but of possibilities for good or evil which it is our business to consider for the sake of the humanity on which his qualities will react.

The Hindus say, "My neighbor is myself in another body." It is every man's duty to say, "This boy is myself in a younger body—perhaps a body badly housed, badly fed, badly taught, badly governed, and, by the will of God, badly tempted. I shall do for him what I should like to have done for me in these conditions. I shall try to remember that it is not what I needed (if by a miracle I remember that), but what this individual boy needs, that is to determine my conduct toward him—my conduct personally and as a member of human society."—*Arthur D. Chandler in the Outlook.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Granite 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

REQUESTS

1. "The Diary of a Goose Girl" is asked for by Miss Sue T. Wehr, Blairstown, Iowa, also by Clemma Richardson, Oakboro, N. C., and by Mrs. Flossie P. Schools, Newtown, Va.

2. "Kindred of the Dust" is asked for by Miss Laura A. Reynolds, Baldwinsville, Mass., in care of the Hospital Cottages for Children.

3. Mrs. J. C. King, Sandy Ridge, N. C., will be glad to receive the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

4. Mrs. Mattie Alger, Twin Falls, Idaho, asks for "The Head of the House of Coombe."

5. "The House of Martha" will please Mrs Martha Craig, Mayodan, N. C.

6. "The Quest of Happiness" or "The Fool's Errand" is desired for Mrs. Z. D. Moseley, Phoenix, N. C.

7. Mrs. W. C. Burton, Mountain Park, Okla., Route 2, is anxious for reading to help her through the winter months.

8. Mrs. R. F. Warner, Saranac, Mich., will be glad to receive "The Chippendales," "The House of Martha," or "The Swindlers."

9. Miss Nora Carlton, Boomer, N. C., asks for "Far to Seek."

10. Henry Cogburn, Leo, Tex., a young lad in school, is in need of a dictionary.

11. *The Pictorial Review* will be appreciated by Mrs. Addie Brown, Pleasant View, Va.

12. I wish to thank all who have been so kind to me. I am a great sufferer from bronchial asthma and am confined to the house most of the time through the fall and winter months. I would be very glad to get any of Harold Bell Wright's books and the *Woman's Home Companion*—in fact, any good books or magazines. I always pass them on to others until they are worn out. (Miss) Viola Hardigree, Winder, Ga., Route 1, Box 67.

13. I would be glad of any kind of reading matter, also postcards and pieces for patchwork. (Mrs.) H. A. Thompson, Farmville, Va., Route 5.

14. I should like some reading and a good cook-book of some kind; I would be glad to receive *Needlecraft* or *Home Needlework*, and any scraps for patchwork quilts. (Mrs.) Annie L. Rhodes, Snowden, Va.

15. I live in a lonesome place ten miles from the railroad. I have three boys—eighteen, fifteen and twelve—and two girls, one ten years old and one five months. I wish you would send them some interesting books to read; and I would like them to have a Testament. (Mrs.) Donie Creasman, Decatur, Meigs Co., Tenn., Route 4.

16. I shall be very glad if someone will please send the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. And I would also like to receive the *Cheerful Letter* again—I have not received a copy since I left Hughes River. (Mrs.) Robert Mahones, Cismont, Va.

17. I am very anxious to read "Ben Hur," and I would like to have a Primer or First Reader for my little boy, if you should have an old one. Thank you so much for the literature. (Mrs.) W. Moore Altman, Wauchula, Fla.

18. I have been an invalid for several years, having to stay indoors all the time. I would greatly appreciate any kind of scraps for patchwork, or good books to help pass away the long days. (Mrs.) E. C. Marley, Wallace, N. C., Route 1, Box 101.

19. I am a poor woman with a crippled husband not able to work, and have five children to support and keep in school. I am writing for some good reading for them. May God bless you! My minister's address is Rev. Ben Moon, Kemp, Tex. (Mrs.) John Bayel, Athens, Tex.

20. Would it be possible for me to get some of the following helps? (I do not mean to ask for a library, but it is hard to get any helps for a country school, especially when wages are low and people have not ready means.) Blackboard stencils; a large or small Dictionary; Number-work cards; "Number Games and Rhymes." books on Rug-making; reports of the Country Life Commission by Roosevelt; "Rural Life and Rural Schools" by Kennedy; "Measuring the Results of Teaching" by Monroe; "Picture Study in Elementary Schools" by Wilson; "Our Public Schools"; "The Teacher, the School and the Community"; (Mrs.) A. J. McQueen, Rowland, N. C., Box 207.

21. I have been confined to my couch twenty-four years, yet I am seldom sad, there are so many beautiful things in the world, and so many loving friends, that no one who looks on the bright side of life can be sorrowful for long. Will someone who is getting the *Christian Register* every week send me a copy of the issue for Dec. 7, 1922? I would be glad of more than one copy. (Miss) Carrie J. Beaman, Knightsville, R. I.

22. I wish to thank all you dear *Cheerful Letter* friends for your kindness in sending me reading and quilt scraps. I am not able to write letters to each one—some of the addresses were torn off in the mail—but I do wish to thank all through the paper. May our Heavenly Father bless each one of the *Cheerful Letter* sisters! (Mrs.) Clara Liner, Englewood, Tenn., Route 2.

23. Mrs. Dora Davis, Polkton, N. C., Route 2, will be glad to have some light stories.

24. Beulah Thornton, Pera, Va., asks for any reading.

25. Mrs. Annie Shepperd, Hale Centre, Tex., Route 3, Box 16, will be glad to have reading for herself, for a boy of fourteen, and for girls eleven and nine. She has been ill, and unable to be out much.

26. Miss Mattie E. Sale, Ronda, N. C., asks for any of the following for the county jail: The Bible; "Pilgrim's Progress"; "Twice Born Men," by Begbie; "David Copperfield," by Dickens; "The Four Million," by O. Henry; "Les Misérables," by Victor Hugo: "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain; "The Doctor," by Connor; "What Will You Do with Jesus Christ," by Grenfell; "What Life Means to Me," by Grenfell; "The Life of Jerry McAuley"; "Life of Abraham Lincoln"; "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by Fox.

27. A school dictionary is wanted by Mabel Little, Ansonville, N. C., Box 263.

28. Mrs. John Hale, Ferrum, Va., Route 3, Box 64, would like the *Saturday Evening Post* or the *Woman's Home Companion*.

29. Mrs. M. E. Russell, Polkton, N. C., Route 2, has taken motherless twin girls to bring up and asks for pictures for them; they are three years old. Her husband is nearly blind. Something cheering for Mrs. Russell will be welcome.

30. I live in the mountains of northwestern North Carolina and have four boys and one baby girl two years old. I would be glad of reading matter for the children and knitting-yarn for fancy work. It is twelve miles to the nearest Episcopal church so our boys attend the Methodist Sunday School. (Mrs.) Annie Ballou, Lansing, N. C.

31. I am a girl of nineteen and would appreciate good reading, cards, quilt-scraps or anything of the kind. A book of stories for my little brother would be especially welcome. I would like to correspond with some of the friends. Dovie Kiker, Polkton, N. C., Route 2.

Change of Address

Mrs. C. W. Cherry, from Overton to Lamesa, Dawson Co., Tex.

OUR MORNING COFFEE

We people of the United States together drink half of all the coffee that is used in the whole world. But probably very few of us ever think where the fragrant brown particles come from.

"Brown particles" the ground coffee may be called, though some persons who are specially particular about the making of the delicious drink do buy the whole seeds and grind them at home into a coarse powder. Those housekeepers are in the habit of seeing the seeds in natural size and shape, somewhat like half of a goober or peanut—flat on one side and gently rounding on the other side. Two such seeds grow (the flat sides laid together) in each ripe coffee-berry.

The enjoyment of coffee by white people is comparatively a new thing. The first settlers of our American colonies had never tasted it in their lives; few had even heard of it. But five hundred years ago it was grown and used by the people in that part of eastern Africa which we call Abyssinia; and in some way or other the people of Arabia, at the other (eastern) side of the Red Sea, learned about it. Probably they had crossed the Red Sea in some sort of boats and seen the Abyssinians enjoying coffee. They secured seeds, and started raising the shrubs for themselves. But in those days our own far-back ancestors, over in Europe, did not know much about the products or the customs of those distant parts of the world. Few men traveled much. Arabia was hardly more real than the fairy-story land.

It was almost two centuries before a few adventurous traveling traders, whose journeys had reached India and Arabia, carried the first coffee back to Constantinople and to Venice. After that, people in different parts of Europe gradually became somewhat familiar with it as a strange Oriental drink; and more and more they learned to like it. English folks in London had their first chance to try it about the year 1652.

The chances are that most of the coffee we ourselves use came from great plantations in Brazil. Some of it may have made a shorter journey from Porto Rico. The names "Mocha" and "Java," which used to stand for the most desirable and expensive grades, implied that the coffee came from Mocha in Arabia, or from the famous East India island, but nowadays Arabia and Java actually send very little to the United States; their part of the total crop is more likely to be sold in Europe.

A coffee plantation is a beautiful sight. It has to be in a hot country, and the best growth is on hillsides or mountainsides considerably above sea-level, where there are blue skies and clean, clear air. The shrubs vary in height, all the way from ordinary bushes to trees twenty feet tall. The leaves are large, long and green all the year round. The white blossoms, which are very fragrant, grow in clusters, each nestled beside a leaf-stem. After the flower petals fall the fruit forms, shaped like short-stemmed cherries with a pulpy sort of flesh surrounding the seeds. This flesh or "meat" is either dried and rubbed off or (oftener) soaked and torn away by machinery made for the purpose. Then the seeds have a sort of enclosing skin removed from them (that again suggests a resemblance to peanuts), and the seeds themselves are separated, thoroughly dried, and sorted as to size and quality, before being shipped to United States merchants or to coffee importers in other lands than ours.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

There were once upon a time a fisherman and his wife, who lived together in a little hut near the sea, and every day he went down to fish. There he sat with his rod, and looked out upon the blank water; and this he did for many a long day. One morning the line went to the bottom, and when he drew it up a great flounder was hooked at the end. The Flounder said, "Let me go, I pray you, fisherman; I am not a real fish, but an enchanted Prince. What good shall I do you if you pull me up? I should not taste well; put me back into the water, and let me swim."

"Well," said the man, "you need not make such a palaver; a fish that can speak I would rather let swim;" and so saying, he put the fish into the water. Then the fisherman went back to his wife in their hut.

"Have you caught nothing today, husband?" said she. "Oh!" he replied, "I caught a flounder, who said he was an enchanted prince; so I threw him again into the sea to swim."

"Did you not wish, first?" she inquired. "No," said he.

"Ah," said the wife, "that is very unlucky; in one to remain in this hovel forever? you might have wished for a better hut, at least. Go again and call him; tell him we must have a better hut, and for certain you 'll get it."

"But" replied he, "how shall I manage that?" "Why," said his wife, "you must catch him again, and before you let him swim away he will grant what you ask; be quick." The man was not much pleased, and wished his wife further; nevertheless, he went down to the sea. When he came to the water, he stood by it and said,—

"Flounder, Flounder, in the sea, hither quickly come to me;
For my wife, dame Isabel, wishes what I dare not tell."

Then the Fish came swimming up, and said "What do you want with me?" "Oh!" said the

man, "I was to catch you again; for my wife says I ought to have wished before. She won't stay any longer in her hut, but desires a cottage."

"Go home again," said the Flounder; "she has it already." So the fisherman departed. And there in the place of his poor old hut stood a clean cottage, before whose door his wife sat upon a bench. She took him by the hand, saying, "Come in now and see: is not this much better?" So in they went, and in the cottage there was a beautiful parlor, and a fine fireplace and a chamber where a bed stood; there were also a kitchen and storeroom, with nice earthenware, all of the best; tinware and copper kettles, and everything very clean and neat. At the back was a large yard, with hens and chickens, as well as a nice garden, full of fruit-trees and vegetables.

"See," said the wife, "is not this charming?"

"Yes," said her husband, "so long as it blooms you will be very well content with it."

Thus eight to fourteen days passed on when the wife said, "Husband, the cottage is far too narrow for me, and the yard and garden are so small; the Flounder may very well give us a larger house. I wish to live in a large stone palace; go, then, to the Founder, and ask him to give us a castle."

"Nay, wife," he said, "the Flounder gave us the cottage at first, but when I go again he will perhaps be angry."

"Never you mind," said she, "he can do what I wish for very easily and willingly; go and try." The husband was vexed at heart, and did not like going, and said to himself, "This is not right." But at last he set off.

When he came to the sea, the water was quite clouded and deep blue colored, and all dark, yet it was calm. So he went and said,—

"Flounder, Flounder, in the sea, hither quickly come to me,
For my wife, dame Isabel, wishes what I scarce dare tell."

"Now, then, what do you want?" said the Flounder. "Oh," said the man, half frightened, "she wants to live in a great stone castle." Go home, and see it at your door," replied the Fish.

The fisherman went away, and lo! where formerly his house stood, there was a great stone castle; and his wife called to him from the steps to come in, and, taking him by the hand, she said, "Now let us look about." So they walked about, and in the castle there was a great hall, with marble tables, and there were ever so many servants, who ushered them through folding-doors into rooms hung all round with tapestry, and filled with fine golden chairs, with crystal looking-glasses on the walls. Outside the house were large yards with horse-and cow-stalls, and wagons, all of the best, besides a beautiful garden filled with magnificent flowers and fruit-trees, and a meadow full a mile long, covered with cows, oxen, and sheep, as many as one could wish for. "Is not this pretty?" said the wife. "Indeed," said her husband, "so long as the humor lasts you will be content with this; but then you will want something else."

"That I will consider," she replied, and so they went to bed; but she could not sleep for thinking what she should be next. Very early she rose, and looked out of the window, and as she saw the sun rising, she thought to herself, "Why should I not do that?" So she shook her husband, and called out to him, "Go, tell the Flounder I want to make the sun rise." Her husband was so frightened that he tumbled out of bed, but she would hear nothing of his objections, and he was obliged to go.

When he got down to the sea a tremendous storm was raging, and the ships and boats were tossing about in all directions. Then he shouted out, though he could not hear his own words,—

"Flounder, Flounder, in the sea, quickly, quickly, come to me;
For my wife, dame Isabel, wishes what I dare not tell."

"What would she have now?" said the Fish. "Ah!" he replied, "she wants to be ruler of the universe."

"Return, and find her in her old hut!" replied the Flounder.

And there the fisherman and his wife remained for the rest of their days.—*From the Household Stories of the Brothers Grimm.*

THE AMUSEMENT CORNER

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Corner to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge 40, Mass.]

ENIGMAS

I. I am composed of 18 letters:
My 10, 2, 17, 1, 7 are what the birds give us;
My 5, 16, 12, 6 is the sentiment of the holiday season;
My 3, 2, 14, 15 is a small boat;
My 4, 11, 18, 8 are makers of honey;
My 3, 16, 17, 13 is when the deed is finished;
My 17, 9, 5, 5 is no value.
My whole is a familiar saying of Dickens.

II. I am composed of 23 letters:
My 3, 2, 4, 7 is a garden implement,
My 1, 9, 12, 17, 15 is a girl's name,
My 5, 6, 10, 17, 11, 13 is used to sew with,
My 8, 14, 18, 5 is a command,
My 23, 22, 17, 21, 20, 19 is a kind of rock,
My 16, 9, 10, 14, 18, 13 is a boy's name;
My whole is a well-known Christmas Carol.

Answers to January puzzles

DIAGONAL:

C O N S E N T E D
C H O C O L A T E
C E R T A I N T Y
C I V I L I Z E D
C H R I S T I A N
C O M P E T E N T
C L E R G Y M A N
C E N T I G R A M
C O L O R L E S S
Christmas

MIXED PROVERBS:

"Look before you leap."
"The more the merrier."
"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."
"A new broom sweeps clean."
"Where there's a will there's a way."

Betty accidentally discovered her pulse one day, and running to her mother she exclaimed "Oh, mamma, I got the hiccoughs in my wrist."
—*Journal of the American Medical Association*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music* and *letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 33 East 30th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th St., New York City.

There is more and more interest in "community" or neighborhood singing.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and eighteen libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

THE RUMFORD PRESS, CONCORD